*Prin.* Your money. *Poin.* Villaines.

*As they are ſharing, the Prince and Poines ſet vpon them, they all runne away, and Falſtalffe after a blow or two runs away too, leauing the bootie behinde them.*

*Prin.* Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to horſe: the theeues are ſcattered, and poſſeſt with feare ſo ſtrongly, that they dare not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer, away good Ned, Falſtalffe ſweates to death, and lards the leane earth as he walkes along, wer't not for laughing I ſhould pittie him.

*Poines.* How the rogue roar'd. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotſpur ſolus, reading a letter.*

*But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to bee there, in reſpect of the loue I beare your houſe.*

He could be contented, why is he not then? in the reſpect of the loue he beares our houſe: he ſhewes in this, he loues his own barne better then he loues our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more.

*The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous,*

Why that's certaine, t'is dangerous to take a cold, to ſleepe, to drinke, but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger, we plucke this flower ſafetie.

*The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named vncertaine, the time it ſelfe vnſorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoyſe of ſo great an oppoſition.*

Say you ſo, ſay you ſo. I ſay vnto you againe, you are a ſhallow cowardly hinde, and you lye: what a lacke-braine is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot, as euer was laid, our friends true and conſtant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends; what a froſtie ſpirited rogue is this? why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall courſe of the Action. Zoundes and I were now by this rafcall, I could braine him with his Ladies fanne. Is there not my father, my vncle, and my ſelfe, Lord Edmond Mortimer, my Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendower? is there not beſides the Dowglas? haue I not al their letters to meete me in armes by the ninth of the next month, and are they not ſome of them ſet forward alreadie? what a pagan rafcall is this, and infidel? Ha, you ſhall ſee now in very ſinceritie of feare and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could deuide my



my ſelfe, & go to buffets, for mouing ſuch a diſh of ſkim
with ſo honorable an action. Hang him, let him tell the k
are prepared: I will ſet forward to night. *Enter*
How now Kate, I muſt leaue you within theſe two hour

*Lady.* O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence haue I this fortnight bin
A baniſht woman from my Harries bed?
Tell me, ſweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy ſtomake, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleepe?
Why doſt thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?
And ſtart ſo often when thou ſitſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh bloud in thy cheekes?
And giuen my treaſures and my rights of thee
To thicke eyde muſing, and curſt melancholy?
In thy faint ſlumbers, I by thee haue watcht,
And heard thee murmur tales of yron wars,
Speake tearmes of mannage to thy bounding ſteed,
Cry courage to the field. And thou haſt talkt
Of ſallies, and retyres of trenches, tents,
Of pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of baſilisks, of canon, culuerin,
Of priſoners ranſome, and of ſouldiours ſlaine,
And all the currents of a heddy fight,
Thy ſpirit within thee hath bin ſo at war,
And thus hath ſo beſtird thee in thy ſleepe,
That beds of ſweat haue ſtood vpon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late diſturbed ſtreame,
And in thy face ſtrange motions haue appeard,
Such as we ſee when men reſtraine their breath,
On ſome great ſuddaine haſte. O, what portents are theſe?
Some heauy buſines hath my Lord in hand,
And I muſt know it, elſe he loues me not.

*Hot.* What ho, is Gilliams with the packet gone?
*Ser.* He is, my Lord, an houre ago.
*Hot.* Hath Butler brought thoſe horſes from the Sher
*Ser.* One horſe, my Lord, he brought euen now.
*Hot.* What horſe, Roane? a cropeare, is it not?
*Ser.* It is my Lord.